RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

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Sometimes our light goes out
but is blown again into flame by an
encounter with another human being.
Each of us owes the deepest thanks
to those who have rekindled
this inner light.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

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The Ancient Order . . .

UNITY IN DIVERSITY IN PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY

The pioneers of our Movement, like the founding fathers of our country, issued the cry, *Union with Liberty, Now and Forever'* The phrase *with liberty* is the key, for without freedom unity has no meaning, whether applied to a nation, a church, or a family. And liberty implies diversity. There is neither unity nor freedom in conformity. Things can be *alike* without being one, such as prisoners in a common jail and in common uniforms; and they can be *identical* without being free, such as "dumb driven cattle" that neither think nor create. A church is not united simply because its people hold identical views, if indeed this is possible. Neither is it free for that reason. Unity, liberty, and diversity all go together. One of them has no meaning or can even exist without the other two.

The founding of our republic was a new experiment in history. As freedom oriented as Luther and Calvin were, or Cromwell and Wallace, the idea of separation of church and state never occurred to them, just as a united church *with freedom* never occurred to them. The founders of our country gave us the first concept, while the founders of the Movement gave us the second. The idea of a confederation of states, free and equal, joined together by a federal government was so new in political history that it was predicted that it could not long survive. *Union with liberty.* It has been presumed to be impossible, both politically and religiously.

It is probable that both the political and the religious idea of union with liberty is derived from primitive Christianity. It was John Locke, "the Christian philosopher" as the Campbells called him, who provided the founders of our nation with their political wisdom in creating both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and it is a known fact that Locke was greatly influenced by the dynamics of primitive Christianity. The creative concept of union with liberty and consequently unity in diversity — is apparent in the primitive faith, when one allows the facts to speak for themselves.

As for those who remain adamant in resisting the principle of unity in diversity, we can only conclude that they do not realize what they are doing, or they just aren't thinking. They are allowing fear to dull their sensitivities. They apparently suppose that if they grant diversified unity to be a biblical concept, something bad will happen. But nothing any worse than a threat to partyism, which by its very nature demands a blind conformity, can result. The fact is that diversified unity or unity in diversity is a tautology, for there is no

such thing as unity *without* diversity. That is what unity means. It is like saying *She is a widow woman* when *She is a widow* is adequate. If the primitive church was united, it is unnecessary to say it was united *in diversity.* It is like a couple getting married. "They are now one," we say, and it is not necessary to add *in diversity,* for we are all well aware, *too* well aware perhaps, of all the differences that make up any matrimonial unity.

We are being ridiculous, for no one really believes in any other kind of unity but diversified unity. Our detractors only want to legislate the areas where we can be different! As to what differences and disagreements are allowed depends on which party leader or wing commander you talk to. Every party leader will grant that there will be and even has to be some diversity of viewpoint, but never on *the issues* peculiar to his party. So they should be honest enough to make it clear that *this* is what they mean in opposing "unity in diversity."

Whether the New Testament Christians were diverse in their faith and practice is no longer a question among recognized scholars, if it ever was. The only question is the degree of that diversity. One of Britain's noted New Testament scholars, James D. G. Dunn, has just published a 438-page book on *Unity and Diversity in the New Testament.* He deals with the NT writers' use of the Old Testament, patterns of worship, sacraments, concepts of ministry, and the role of tradition, among other things, and everywhere he finds not only diversity but "extremely varied diversity," which finds its unity in Jesus and Jesus alone.

Dunn sees four types of the Christian faith in the NT. There is the Jewish, which is exemplified by the church in Jerusalem; the Hellenistic (Greek), which begins in Antioch and in the churches founded by Paul; the Apocalyptic, which is his vague term for the speculative kind of faith that emerges in Revelation and some of the non-canonical writings; Early Catholicism, which is the official structure that begins to emerge at the close of the apostolic age. While he is at it he rejects infant baptism as without any authority in the scriptures, which is not unusual for scholars these days.

He has somewhat to say about the canon of the NT, suggesting that its bounds can best be set by what the documents say about Jesus, — which is what gives the canon its unity, the only unity it has. If the canon is taken seriously — that is, if we really talk about their being a canon—then the diversity in the New Testament must be taken seriously. He warns against striving for an artificial unity, based on our own particular "canon within a canon,"

in which we select what we want and reject what we don't want. He calls it "ecclesiastical blackmail" when men try to weave their own pattern out of the NT, ignoring what is not convenient to their "intricate meshing of traditions."

But in all this he lays down the proposition that *to recognize the canon of the NT is to affirm the diversity of Christianity.* One cannot recognize the authority of the NT without conceding its diversity. He concludes that the essentials to the faith are fewer than we have supposed, and that the range of acceptable liberty is wider than even the advocates of unity have recognized. But in all the diversity there is unity, centered in the early church's great slogan, *Jesus is Lord.*

While we speak of this study in the NT, we might also note that a book has recently been published on *The Disunity of the New Testament,* which is another way of pointing to its diversity. But there is a damaging fallacy in this title, one current in our own ranks, and this is the thesis that if there are differences there is division or disunity. The secret of "preserving the unity of the Spirit," which is done through loving forbearance, is that there can be fellowship and brotherhood despite rather substantial differences—just as in our physical family. The primitive Christians were united, despite such tensions as the Jewish-Gentile conflict. Jesus was the difference. Gentiles did not have to become Jews and Jews did not have to cease being Jewish, *if together they had Jesus.* So Dunn is right in his thesis: the early church was both united and diverse. The church cannot be united without being different, but it can of course be different without being united.

We need not go beyond the early chapters of Acts to see this unity and diversity. At the outset the new faith was strictly Jewish, but the Jews were culturally different, some being Palestinian and some Hellenistic, or to put it another way, some spoke Hebrew and others Greek. This difference set the stage for the conflict described in Acts 6, which came at a time of the church's fastest growth: "Now at this time while the disciples were increasing in number, a complaint arose on the part of the Hellenistic Jews against the native Hebrews, because their widows were being overlooked in the daily serving of food." The apostles ruled that the church should select seven men to take care of the serving, leaving them free to minister the word. Verse 5 says, "The statement found approval with the whole congregation." But that solution to the problem did not remove the differences that existed. They *were* culturally different, and this caused tensions within the fellowship. But they were of "one heart and soul" because together they looked to him who conquered both sin and the grave. Jesus did not erase their cultural disparity, but their faith in him as Lord caused them to transcend it.

There was a serious conflict in reference to Stephen, who was a “liberal” amidst “conservatives,” and we are not to suppose that his opposition came from unbelieving Jews as much as from his own brothers in the Christian faith who could not bear his catholic outlook. His “blasphemous words against Moses and against God” were really his Spirit-filled concern for their racial prejudice and for a faith that would reach out to all men and not to Jews only. His words “against this holy place and the Law” were in reality against *their* interpretation of the law. They could not bear it when he told them that “the Most High does not dwell in houses made by human hands,” and so they did away with him.

The long and short of the story is that the Jerusalem church *never* attained the broader view of the faith that burned in the heart of the first martyr. Almost certainly they never had a single Gentile in their membership, and it was all that they could do to bear the idea in other churches. Peter, in spite of. being an apostle who witnessed several miracles calculated to burn the prejudice from his soul, was always playing it safe when it came to associating with Gentiles, and it wasn’t below him to play the hypocrite if things got too tight for him. James, the presiding apostle in Jerusalem, lived and died a *Jewish* Christian and probably never saw the universal nature of the gospel as did Stephen.

So it was with the church generally in Jerusalem. Tradition has it that it fled to Pella when the city was destroyed in A. D. 70, but Jewish Christianity finally disappeared. Its prejudice that the Gentiles had to become Jews in order to become Christians was the mission of those Judaizers that dogged Paul, the envoy to the Gentiles, nearly everywhere he went.

This was the most serious conflict in the NT, and yet even here there was fellowship and unity. Paul, who was busy making the faith catholic, did not wait for the Jerusalem church to become like the one at Antioch before he resolved to remember its poor by raising funds among the Gentile churches. The sectarian preachers of our day could not have had fellowship with these “brothers in error” by sending them money like that. (Though they have shown us that they can *receive* money from “brothers in error”!) The Gentile churches likewise had their problem of not being forbearing toward the “conservative” ones who chose to observe some of the Jewish rituals, leading Paul to say the likes of “Food will not commend us to God; we are neither the worse if we do not eat, nor the better if we do eat. But take care lest this liberty of yours somehow become a stumbling block to the weak.” (1 Cor. 8:8-9) Such instructions could never have arisen in a context that demanded conformity. This is union with liberty.

That the primitive church was in danger of dividing into two factions, the headquarters of one party being in Jerusalem and the other in Antioch, is evident from the events leading up to the "summit conference" in Acts 15. It was caused by Paul's successes among the Gentiles. The church had absorbed the conversion of Cornelius and his family without great difficulty, but his was a special case, and, besides, he had given alms to the Jewish people and was halfway a proselyte when he became a Christian. But Paul was bringing Gentiles *en masse* into the church, which he and Barnabas described as "God has opened a door of faith to the Gentiles." But some of those in Jerusalem were ready to close that door with a slam, lock it and throwaway the key unless the Gentiles entered "the faith" through the vestibule of Judaism. They made their way to Antioch and were present when Paul and Barnabas returned from their first Gentile mission, affirming that if the new converts were not circumcised according to the custom of Moses they could not be saved. The record shows that this caused "great dissension and debate." (Acts 15:2,7) This attitude that loyalty to Christ is not enough, but must be augmented by the requirements of some party, has always been a problem in the church. Even in our own ranks people are not received unless they are baptized the right way, hold the correct view of the millennium, or renounce the use of instrumental music. We too have those who would close the door that God has opened, and nail it shut until their party demands are met.

The subsequent history of the early church shows that this question was never really settled, but the council did transcend it through the leadership of the Holy Spirit, which is our only recourse in the face of similar problems. The letter that went out to the Gentile churches from the summit leaders, which spoke for "the whole church" at Jerusalem as well as the apostles and elders, referred to their "having become of one mind." This obviously does not mean that they at last, after much debate, saw the issue exactly alike. They could still be arguing about it and still, after 2,000 years, not see it alike—just as we've argued about instrumental music for a century and are no closer together, and who can believe that 1900 years more would make any difference?

Their unity was in the Holy Spirit, through which Jesus dwelt in their hearts by faith, and not in seeing things eye to eye. "It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us to lay upon you no greater burden than these essentials," the letter read. When Judas and Silas, the bearers of the letter, gathered the congregation at Antioch together (not just the elders or the leaders!) and read to them the letter, "they rejoiced because of its encouragement." A division had been averted by all of them yielding to the leadership of the Spirit, not by giving in to each other's opinions. They preserved the *Spirit's* unity in the bond of peace.

As the church reached out into the pagan world, whether Ephesus or Corinth or Thessalonica, its diversity was always apparent. Corinth may have been as different from Ephesus as Antioch was different from Jerusalem. The corporate worship and organization was nowhere exactly alike. The various opinions and interpretations were surely as varied, and maybe as hardnosed, as our own hangups. Otherwise Paul would not have written to such churches: “The faith which you have, have as your own conviction before God” (Ro. 14:22). If he thought that “being of one mind” meant seeing everything alike, he would never have written that.

Here is where *faith* really means opinion, to be distinguished from “the faith” that makes us all one in Christ. We could thus paraphrase the slogan of our pioneers to read: *In matters of the faith” —the facts of the gospel-unity; in matters of opinion—the scruples we hold between ourselves and God—liberty; in all things, whether faith or opinion. love.*

Or as the founders of our republic, as well as our pioneers, put it: *Union* (in the things that are really crucial) *with liberty (in the things that are only important to one or another). Now and Forever! —the Editor*

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Highlights in Restoration History …

A BLIND MAN GIVES HIS LAST SERMON

Thomas Campbell had not been blind all his life, certainly not back in 1809 when he launched that Movement to unite the Christians in all the sects. But in his late 80’s he could no longer see, his optic nerves giving way after a lifetime of study and preaching. He explained it in terms of God’s grace and mercy, and he went on to praise God in his blindness as well as when he had sight.

He was a very pious man. His son Alexander said that he walked with God more closely than any man he’d ever known, and Walter Scott went on record to the effect that he was the most pious man he had ever met. He had so filled his mind and heart with scripture and the great hymns of the church that even in his blindness he had sufficient resources within him both to praise God and to teach His word. Alexander tells of how he would be in his father’s room when he did not realize anyone was around, only to hear him praising God for His unspeakable gifts.

But his piety did not preclude a measure of occasional indignation, *righteous* indignation, perhaps. He once stormed out of a town where he had gone to teach in a school, shaking the dust from his feet, when the authorities forbade him teaching blacks. “I will not live anywhere that I cannot teach all of God’s children,” he protested. And when Sidney Rigdon, a prominent preacher in the Movement and a personal friend to both of the Campbells, converted to the Mormons, it was Thomas Campbell and not Alexander who wrote him a stinging letter for elevating the Book of Mormon to the place of scripture, and he challenged him to a debate. Thomas was eager to defend the sufficiency of the Bible, but Rigdon didn’t accept the challenge. Thomas even went to Rigdon’s hometown, Kirkland, Ohio, which was then Mormon headquarters, and taught from house to house, especially among the Disciples, to make sure Rigdon didn’t steal any of his sheep. The old boy had fire, even if he was pious!

When he was nearly 90, blind and feeble, both his son and his friends around Bethany suggested he give his valedictory sermon. Once the Sunday date was set, friends came from afar for the occasion. Father Campbell, as they affectionately called him, prepared his thoughts by drawing upon the great storehouse of knowledge that he had built up through long years of close study. He had always stressed memorizing the scriptures, and now that his world had grown dark he nonetheless had God’s word laid up in his heart. People no doubt were curious as to what Thomas Campbell’s last sermon would be. There is no evidence that he revealed his intentions even to his daughter-in-law Selina Campbell, who read to him from time to time during his hours of preparation.

When a buggy was brought in front of the Campbell mansion to bear him to the meetinghouse, it was found to be too high for the feeble old soul. Even though it was summer they brought out a low-slung, horse-drawn sleigh, a winter vehicle, to bear the aged brother to the place where he would give his last sermon ever. Deacons waited in the yard to accompany him to the place where he would speak. His son Alexander was away from home at the time and thus missed his father’s last address, but he was able to read it upon his return, for W. K. Pendleton, by way of his own shorthand technique, was able to make an accurate transcription of what was said, and in doing so preserved the occasion for posterity.

Those of us who have always had our sight cannot imagine the trauma one suffers when suddenly thrust into a world of darkness. Never again can one look upon the faces of those he loves, nor behold the beauty of nature that we so readily take for granted. And there are all those things that one can no longer do for herself once blindness comes. Never

again will one drive a car—or a buggy! or go to town by himself, and a lifetime of reading and study comes to an end or is drastically curtailed. One takes a new grandchild into her arms never knowing with her own eyes how much it looks like her own offspring who gave it birth. Or if one who is now blind is a preacher, he speaks as if from a sea of darkness, but never again will he see the faces of those who listen to what he has to say.

On that June Sunday in 1855 Thomas Campbell quoted Matt. 22:34-40, the story of the lawyer asking Jesus which is the greatest commandment of all, and the answer that was given: “You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets.”

It impressed the old brother that Jesus made no reference to any great work for man to do, or to sacrifices, or to alms. No temple to build, no war to win, no cities to conquer. The greatest thing that man can do is to love the God who created him with all his being. Love God! Love your neighbor! Not only are these the greatest commandments, but the whole law and the prophets are, fulfilled in them.

Father Campbell recounted the story of the Good Samaritan. “I am sorry I cannot read it to you,” he said to them, “but you can read it for yourselves.” We are to love our neighbors, and our neighbors are those who need us. He went on to show how love is God’s great commandment to man, pointing to Jn. 13:33 where Jesus lays down “the new commandment” that his disciples are to love one another even as he loved them.

If it is true that one dies the way she has lived, then it may also be true that a preacher closes out his preaching the way he has preached all his life. It was so with Thomas Campbell. Love was his lifetime theme, which he identified as “the badge of the Christian.” As the Movement he started grew large and increasingly controversial, he would caution love. Plead in love! Preach in love! Teach in love! Those were his constant themes. He would advise young preachers that there is an almost certain way to avoid controversy. *Preach the facts of the Bible in love, and keep your opinions to yourself.* He did not think people would ever argue over what the scriptures state clearly and explicitly. They argue over opinions and deductions — and over “those things of which the kingdom of God does not consist,” to quote his *Declaration and Address.*

Everybody loved and admired Thomas Campbell. He made delightful company, always projecting the scriptures and the love of God. When Robert Owen, the infidel, came to Bethany to make arrangements for the debate with Alexander, he became well acquainted with Father Campbell, and later made reference to his great admiration for him. There is that argument for God's existence that troubles every agnostic more than all the traditional arguments, *the committed, pious life.* When Thomas Carlyle went with his college roommate to hear an able agnostic, the roomate said to him afterwards, "Well, I guess that about does it for God." Carlyle responded, "Not quite. He hasn't explained my mother yet." Thomas Campbell was like that. There was no way to explain him apart from a God of love.

The kids always got a bang out of him, simply because he loved them so. The Robert Richardson children especially enjoyed him, often going as he did to Bethphage, nigh unto Bethany, after he was widowed. Their eyes bugged out as he indulged in one of his few idiosyncracies, gathering a variety of foods onto his plate and then proceeding to cut and mix them all together in one heap, whereupon he would pour gravy or syrup, or both, and proceed to mix and stir even more. The kids watched this spectacle before their eyes with such intensity that they lost all interest in their own food, and would have to be told by their doctor father to attend to their own plates and leave Father Campbell to eat as he pleased. The old man would pleasantly remind them that he was but aiding nature, for once it reached his stomach it would be all mixed up anyway! No wonder he lived to be 91 even in the 19th century!

He was always growing, always studying, always praying, always praising God. He sat for a few weeks at the bedside of his dying wife, who must also have been very pious. The letter that he later wrote to a daughter about this experience, published by Alexander, is one of the most impressive documents in all of our history. It shows how a man and wife should live together, sharing all that life has to offer in simple, trusting faith. He said a remarkable and an unpredictable thing in that letter: that he had learned more about the love of God and the patience of Christ while sitting with his dying wife than in all the years before.

It was only a short time after he had given his valedictory sermon that Thomas Campbell went home to be with the Father of mercies, as he liked to describe Him. When Alexander returned home and read his father's address, his very last sermon, he said it was a fitting climax to his long ministry in that love had filled his life as well as his teaching. It had been over 40 years since Thomas Campbell had written the *Declaration and Address,*

our Movement's most important document, which was a mandate to all disciples for a loving acceptance of each other as well as a charter of freedom for all those who are in Christ.

In that document he lays down the principle that was to consume the whole of his efforts to unite the Christians in all the sects, that we can never be united on opinions, deductions, or methods; but only by receiving one another in love, even as Christ has received us, in spite of the differences. —*the Editor*

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Pilgrimage of Joy …

THE CALL OF THE SOUTH

W. Carl Ketcherside

The year of 1949 was an eventful one historically and personally. On January 20, Harry S. Truman from Missouri was sworn in as President, with Alben W. Barkley as his Vice-President. They had been elected November 2 in a stunning upset victory over Thomas E. Dewey and Earl Warren. On April 4 the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) was signed into being, and on April 14 the German war crimes trial was ended with the conviction of 19 of 21 former Nazi officials.

We began by dropping the word "Missouri" from the name of the paper. It had long since ceased to be merely a journal recording news from our state and henceforth would be known as *Mission Messenger.* We coined the slogan "The paper with a mission and a message." We signaled the change by introducing open forums upon such subjects as "The work of Women in the Church," and "Marriage and Divorce." I published the divergent views in articles and letters exactly as they were written and without editing. It was a new day for fairness and apparently the people liked it. In ninety days we received a thousand new subscriptions. Our writers demonstrated a considerable amount of "unity in diversity," especially since most of them denied there was such a thing.

I rather suspect the year marked a new kind of "high" for our particular segment of the restoration movement. This was reflected in the attendance and enthusiasm shown in the "annual meetings" which had long been a part of our life. Some of these were anniversary gatherings marking the date the congregation had been planted. Others, such as the Labor

Day meeting at Hammond, Illinois, were scheduled to take advantage of the freedom from work on holidays. There were 256 at the 39th anniversary meeting at Bonne Terre, Missouri, June 12; 330 at Hartford, Illinois, June 26; 200 at Sullivan, Illinois, July 17; 350 at Richmond, Missouri, July 24; and 452 at Hammond, Illinois, September 5. The latter embraced brethren from 51 congregations in 8 states.

A part of the attendance was due to the presence among us of Albert Winstanley from England. Albert and Jean, with their little son David, a babe in arms, arrived in New York on the liner Queen Mary, on June 20. Nell and her older sister Nova went to New York to accompany them to Saint Louis, where the stifling heat of the midwest was almost too much for them. Although still a young man, Albert was an excellent student of God's Word, clear and lucid in his thinking, and articulate in his presentation. He visited scores of congregations with Hershel Ottwell as his guide and travel companion. They covered many states. Wherever Albert went, God used him in a marvelous manner and the six months he spent among us seemed to fly.

In September I returned to Windsor, Ontario, for a Bible Study which I taught every night with an average of more than sixty in attendance. On Sunday I spoke to the edification of the saints gathered for the breaking of the bread, and that night proclaimed the good news in the gospel meeting. It was during the study of the Word that I met William Keenan, an atheist and former Communist organizer. He came to my meeting through the influence of a former alcoholic, now a fellow-member of Alcoholics Anonymous. After three nights of attendance at my class they asked me if I could come and talk with them the following day.

I went at 9:00 a.m., and was ushered into the drab quarters, a "bachelor pad" with sparse furnishings. We sat down in the kitchen with its single naked light bulb hanging from the ceiling. There were just three battered chairs and we pulled them up to the table with its chipped enamel top. As we talked an occasional mouse made a foray across the floor to pick up a crumb, dashing back to safety when someone shuffled his feet. I watched a huge cockroach crawling around on a rickety cabinet.

When I requested the privilege to pray the two former alcoholics and I bowed our heads, while the cold autumn rain coursed its way in rivulets down the outside of the unwashed window-panes. I told the men we must start where we were as there was no place else to start. I asked William Keenan to tell me where he was and how he had arrived there. It was like opening the flood-gates to allow a long pent-up river of feelings to surge through. He talked for three hours while drinking cup after cup of strong coffee. I sipped a

little of it and it tasted like I think varnish remover might taste. At times during the narrative his nervous hands shook until he had no use both of them to lift the cup to his lips.

As a boy he was turned from the Christian faith by a preacher in the Established Church, whom he idolized, and who had formed a boy's club which was the height of his joy in the small English town where he lived. He had resolved to grow up and become a clergyman and devote his life to helping under-privileged children when he discovered that the man he revered was a homosexual and the boy's club was a cover for dealing in seduction. The night after the rector made an indecent proposal to him, he shook and cried all night. The next morning when he tried to tell his quarreling parents who were heading for a divorce they only berated and abused him verbally.

He ran off and ended up in an English city where he was taken into the home of a Communist labor infiltrator. Here he was shown kindness and love. he was treated daily to the idea that religion was a means by which wealthy exploiters enslaved the sweating masses for their own profit. The term *God* became a dirty word to his mind. God was the designation of on ogre conjured up in primitive minds. When he was sent to Moscow he already hated God and regarded the Christian faith as a retreat from reality by weak persons. He was trained as an infiltrator of youth groups in the English speaking world, but after several years began to "hit the bottle." He became useless to Moscow and they kicked him out, convinced he would end up in a drunkard's grave. But he had gone to Alcoholics Anonymous and found understanding and compassion, and his friend had brought him to my meeting where we were friendly and kind to him.

What I said that night made sense if there was a God. If not, it was merely a house of straw. I had listened for three hours without interruption. At one o'clock I began the real struggle for the soul of a desperate and destitute man. The minutes ticked away while the rain lessened in force. Three more hours passed, and at four o'clock he said, "That's enough. I believe that God is, and that Jesus Christ is His Son." Just as he said it, the sun broke through for the first time that day and cast a shaft of light across the dingy table where we had been sitting for seven hours. That night I baptized him into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

When I arrived back home in Saint Louis there was a letter written on lined notepaper asking if I would come for a series of meetings in Beech Grove, a little Arkansas village clustered around a cotton gin a few miles from Paragould. I assumed that it resulted from my reply to a letter received in March, from Herbert Johnson, a humble farmer near Beech

Grove. He wrote to encourage me to continue my opposition to the one-man hireling ministry system which was foisting a special clergy caste upon the congregations. I agreed to go to Beech Grove for a meeting in July 1950, if God willed.

In the December 22 issue of *Gospel Advocate*, John Allen Hudson unleashed a four-column blast against me in an article titled "The Divisive Leadership of W. Carl Ketcherside." In it he used such terms as "Carl's diocese" and "archbishopric." He spoke of my cantankerous spirit and referred to accusations made against me by members of the Sommer family and by Fred Fenton, who once wrote for *Mission Messenger* and was very complimentary of my efforts, until he dropped out to start a short-lived periodical of his own called *Radiant Truth.* Brother Hudson made dire predictions of my rising power and influence, and warned that if the brethren listened there would be great changes come about in the churches.

I was amazed when I read the article, not only by its appearance, but by its harsh and caustic tone. I immediately wrote B. C. Goodpasture, the editor, and asked for space to reply to the personal attack upon my motives and integrity. After a number of days had gone by I received a curt reply consisting of four lines in which Brother Goodpasture said that he did not think an article from me would contribute to the peace or well-being of the brotherhood. To this day I cannot figure out why Brother Hudson reacted so bitterly in print in an attempt to destroy me unless it was because the British brethren had ignored his letters generally circulated among them urging them not to hear me. Their willingness to hear for themselves, coupled with the coming of Brother Winstanley, was probably more than our brother could take.

As the year of 1949 drew to a close we had just concluded a six-weeks Bible Study on December 6, which brought together capable students from ten states. Many of these were young, being just out of high school, but a goodly number were older men seeking to improve their knowledge so they might render better service as elders of their congregations. The study was greatly enhanced by the presence of Brother Winstanley who contributed much to our spiritual knowledge as well as to our understanding of the work of the brethren in Great Britain. Our hearts were sad as the time drew near for the departure of this little family. Nell and I were especially touched because they had made their home with us. It had been good to have a baby in the house once more.

On Saturday night, December 24, we had a farewell gathering for them. The next day, Christmas, Albert spoke in the morning for the congregation on Manchester Avenue. That night he addressed the Lillian Avenue congregation for the last time. The next day they left

us but not before Albert had agreed to contribute an article each month under the heading "As Others See You." His discussion of his impressions of America and the congregations he visited provided interesting reading for those who had come to love him for his work's sake. Long after he had gone to labor in Tunbridge Wells and Ilkeston, the congregations over here continued to pray for him by name. He had drawn us close to those of like precious faith in Great Britain "whom having not seen we loved."

Early in 1950, while in Indiana, I went to the office of the *American Christian Review,* to discuss our differences with Allen R. Sommer, and Bessie, his sister. Our visit was amicable and gracious, despite the rifts which had occurred in the past. The same afternoon I went to Butler University for a talk with some of the faculty members. I was received in a spirit of courtesy and kindness.

Meanwhile in Arkansas the exact opposite attitude was being manifested toward the little congregation at Beech Grove. When word of the forthcoming meeting was released the machinery of opposition went into high gear. There were two congregations in Paragould, the county seat. The one at Second and Walnut had J. A. McNutt as minister, the one at Seventh and Mueller had Emmett Smith. George W. DeHoff of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, was in a meeting in Paragould when the announcement of my coming was made. He immediately launched an attack against Beech Grove from the pulpit, demanding that they cancel their arrangement with me forthwith.

When the brethren at Beech Grove declined to do this it was decided to bring in reinforcements, and a call was made to Harbert Hooker at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, who had several times held meetings at Beech Grove and was generally well liked. Brother Hooker did not even consult the brethren as to whether they wanted him to come. One of the leaders at Beech Grove found a note in his rural mailbox that Brother Hooker would speak at Beech Grove the next Sunday afternoon and wanted all the members present. It was announced on Sunday morning and all of the members went. Brother Hooker delivered a talk on supporting preachers, then asked everyone to leave except the Beech Grove members.

He told of his deep regret at learning that the brethren were making the saddest mistake of their career in bringing in the worst extremist in the whole United States. He said I was so opposed to women speaking in the church that when a woman wanted to make a confession of her faith we took her out on the front porch of our meetinghouses. The brethren asked him if he would sign a statement to that effect so they could go to Saint

Louis and investigate. He refused and told them he was not signing anything, but they would be sorry if they did not listen to him. He then shook the dust off his feet and departed.

Two weeks later a preacher showed up on Sunday morning and announced he had been sent to warn the brethren not to go through with their plans for me to come. He warned them I was so liberal I believed in women preachers. After the meeting they "collared him" and told him that either he or Brother Hooker was guilty of falsehood and perhaps both were. He excused himself and fled the scene, and never returned.

Sterl Watson then entered the fray by writing a booklet filled with diatribe under the silly title "Ketcherside and Killebrew Keeled." Fred Killebrew was then working with a small congregation in Senath, Missouri, after having renounced the clergy system while living in Tennessee. It was the intention of Brother Watson to wipe Fred and myself off the map with one swipe. Amazingly, Dr. James D. Bales sent out an endorsement of the book urging all to read it. Actually, it was so wild that we immediately recognized that if we could get it into the hands of brethren it would do more good than anything we could write or say.

Fred Killebrew began to advertise the books and offer them free in his meetings. It was so effective that when he went to Sterl to get a couple of hundred additional copies he refused to let him have them or to tell him where he might secure them.

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NO DIVIDING LINE

Robert Meyers

I like what Sister Mary Corita Kent, the famed teaching nun from Los Angeles, had to say once about distinguishing between "sacred" and "secular." She said it bluntly: "I don't find a great deal of difference between what's religious and not religious."

I read her to mean that true religion interpenetrates and transforms all of life and is, in turn, affected by all of life. "If Christ were alive today," she went on, "he'd take people to the movies instead of telling them parables."

Except that He might find it hard to locate a movie fit for His visit today, I quite agree. Jesus was one of the world's greatest hunters of analogies. He searched constantly for familiar events which could be used to light up the kingdom of right relationships. When He found them he told picture stories, painting with words for people who had much stronger visual imaginations than they had skills in abstract thought.

Who can doubt that if pictures in color, moving on a screen, had been available He would have used them? With little effort I can recall several from which He could have constructed memorable lessons: *Lilies of the Field, A Man For All Seasons. A Patch of Blue*, *Marty,* and (if He had known our world) *A Thousand Clowns* with its indictment of the frenzied greed of a modern, competitive society. He would have enjoyed our occasional sensitive films just as strongly as He would have detested most of them for their sleazy counterfeiting.

But my point is that Jesus used parables because they were an established form in Jewish life, not because they were inherently "religious." He would, in our time, adopt any effective means of teaching which we have discovered. He was not, in God's grace, freed from the body in Jerusalem one day only to be buried again in some time-space capsule of our own making.

So whether it stands in rebuke against some part of our world, or approves it as fruitful, our religion is isolated from nothing. There can be no compartmentalizing for His followers, no niggardly hoarding of certain times and actions in the name of a Special Day faith. The Christian's interests are as diverse as God's own world. Let us be thankful for that, and greet every man with a willingness to believe that his particular excitement may, in its own way, speak of and for God in a world where too many are bored to death.

Ghettoism

During my years in St. Louis, at Washington University and the Central Church of Christ, I became impressed by Sister Jacqueline of Webster College. This Catholic scholar, serving then in one of the lovely old suburbs of St. Louis, has been a brave, independent spirit. She has something to say to us.

"Indoctrination," she says, "is a mistake in the Church and a mistake in education. The radical groups we hear so much about are always guilty of indoctrination. Whether of the Communist left or the John Birch right, it is because they are guilty of indoctrination that they are dangerous. Because they subject people to monolithic thinking, platitudes, and a

conviction that you can make simplistic judgments, they rob us of that aching, full-of-wonder reality that life is tough but wonderful, that there is *no such thing as being absolutely sure* …

The italics are mine. I think one of the great moments in a man's life comes when he realizes that in matters of his own mind and judgment he can never be absolutely sure, and when he then finds out that he can live quite happily with that uncertainty—if he really trusts the grace of God.

"Ghettoism or provincialism is always debilitating," Sister Jacqueline says. "I have practically lost my head at times by saying that the worst thing that could happen to us is to achieve the old-time ideal of every Catholic child in a Catholic school. I don't like ghettoes and I don't want to live in a ghetto society."

It would not do, I'm afraid, to convert Sister Jacqueline to the Church of Christ because her antipathy to ghettoism would certainly get her into trouble. We have seemed for several years to be working industriously in the direction of the ghetto life. We want our children in a Church of Christ elementary school, a Church of Christ junior high and high school, a Church of Christ college. After that we really prefer Church of Christ communities, like that near ACC in Abilene, or on Harding Drive at Searcy, but failing that we consider an "Exodus" to some place. Church of Christ hospitals are under consideration in several places; this would give us medical care under the proper hands. Church of Christ care homes are a reality all over the country. We will be able to go, soon, from the cradle to the grave and never come into more than fleeting contact with a heathen.

It may not be much like Christ, who received sinners and ate with them, but perhaps the demands of purity are greater now than in His day and we simply cannot risk that kind of exposure. At any rate it is strange to see a Catholic eschewing ghettoism just when so many of us are so happily espousing it. —*Wichita State University, Wichita. Kansas*

Trust men and they will be true to you. —*Emerson*

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Travel Letter …

JESSE JAMES COUNTRY

I am not sure that northwest Missouri is especially Jesse James Country. for the legend of that folk hero covers the entire state, with caves here and there designated as his hideouts. But St. Joseph is the place where he spent his last years, living clandestinely, until Robert Ford put a bullet in his back and collected the rich reward that the railroads and banks had on his head, “dead or alive.” The hole in the wall can still be seen in the house where the demi-hero was shot by one of his own men, giving place to a ballad that is still spun by disc jockeys across the land. Morris Ball, my host in St. Jo (Nobody says St. Joseph), a preacher of many fine qualities, took me to the museum at a local mortuary, where I saw Jesse’s funeral listed in the ledger for 1882, along with others. His was by far the most expensive, costing 350.00, while some were as low as 5.00. He was only 35 when his tragic life came to an abrupt end.

Tom and Maxine Jethco invited me to share their lovely home while I ministered to the Central Christian Church. Despite the fact that winter was reluctant to surrender its place to spring, laying on us some rather nasty weather, we all had a good time with each other and the Lord. Since I quit drawing lines on folk, no longer demanding that they see “the issues” my way if I had anything to do with them, I have been blessed with more and more brothers and sisters in various segments of the Restoration tradition. So far this year I have had appointments with three different kinds of Churches of Christ, who have no fellowship with each other, and with Christian Churches and Disciples of Christ, who are also estranged from each other. Since they are all God’s children, they are all my brothers and sisters, and I accept them all, while not necessarily agreeing with any. Among *all* these groups I find some of the best people in the world, and beautiful Christians they are. Jesse James country was no exception, even though Jesse James might have been, the ballads to the contrary notwithstanding.

The folk at St. Jo wanted me to draw upon some of the values of our own history as well as from the scriptures, so I pointed out that our roots reach all the way back to Abraham and the Old Testament, as well as the New Testament, and that “the Sun of Righteousness” is who it is all about, and that our pioneers recognized this when they saw Christ as their tradition. “We have no creed but Christ” and “Let Christian unity be our polar star” are slogans handed down by our pioneers that are rich in biblical tradition. Everywhere I go I find that people are interested in learning more about their roots, and they nearly always feel more liberated by what they hear. We have a great heritage that we have either ignored or betrayed.

The second balf of my eight-day stay in northwest Missouri was with the Christian Church in Clearmont, only a few miles from the Iowa line, where I was the guest of Alvin and Maryinez Reed,

who have ministered in that village of but 250 people for 22 years. Maryinez is a multi-talented woman, for apart from being a busy and efficient housewife she is a nurse, organist and singer, ministering at-large from home to hospital to church. Never did an organ seem so innocuous, as well as impressive, as when played upon by Maryinez. The folk back in Texas, I thought, would at least concede that there are two sides to that question if they could witness Maryinez's life and her demeanor at the organ. I lost complete control of myself a time or two and thanked her for her glorious renditions.

Alvin Reed is a man for all seasons and for all people, and he has the rare trait of being relaxed as well as busy. Many' preachers are in constant tension, but not Alvin. Even rarer is his hobby of tinkering with Mercedes-Benz (I don't know how to make that plural, which is needed here since he has three in his back yard). He is handy with tools as well as books, and when he bails somebody out of a jam who has a mechanical problem, he waves off any pay with "Give it to the church"so *they* told me, not he. Besides, he has been driving a school bus for 20 years up and down those hills and vales, in and (not always) out of mud holes. One morning he permitted me to go along with him, and that was the most fun of the entire trip, except for those homemade cinnamon rolls, topped with ground nuts, that a dear sister brought by the parsonage.

We really got out into the boondocks, picking up kids all the way from kindergarten age to senior high. Each one eyed me with suspicion, a rare intruder I was, perhaps an inspector of some description. But I eyed them right back, wondering what kind of a world they stepped out of when they left their homes that morn, knowing all I needed to know about the world a lad and lassie steps into when they are hauled off to school. One mother could be seen through the door her hat and coat already on and ready to take off herself once Alvin came to relieve her of her little one for another day. But what is more American than a yellow school bus, filled with kids, sometimes happy and sometimes awake?

At one stop out in the boondocks I asked Alvin if he ever went *that* way, pointing to a low-lying stretch of narrow road made hazardous by wintry capers. "We're going that way right now," he assured me. It was a dangerous place for two preachers to be, not to mention thirty kids, but off we went, and only because the night's freeze had made the road passable.

Alvin also helps to run his little town, serving on the council as its treasurer. It must be the only town in the country where the people read their own water meter and pay their bills accordingly! I'd like to see New York City try that. That would bankrupt them for sure! There is also a Methodist and a Baptist church in the village, whose preachers come and go. The Christian Church joins them for special occasions through the year. The people are typical middle America, with the Protestant work ethic and conservative Republicanism. As I was teaching a class on Sunday morn and had cause to refer to some of our ills as a nation, one brother was quick to blame the whole thing on one Jimmy Carter. A sister, who had taught school all her life, rejoined with "Now let's don't get off on that!" I averted any confrontation by becoming adamantly nonpartisan. Besides, one can teach the Bible without having to talk about Jimmy Carter, even if it is difficult.

My first discourse to the congregation of some 60 persons (100 on Sunday a.m.) was about them, their history, what their forebears believed when they moved to that village and built the Christian Church over a century ago. "Our people were united then," I told them, and then went on to explain how it all got started and how and why that Movement to unite all Christians had become itself so divided. On another evening I spoke on "Will a man rob God?," and showed how we rob him by withholding our children, our time, our talents, as well as our money. A man from Dallas was there, reared in the area, who was touched by what the old prophet had said, and the Spirit used the message to bring the dear man back to his Lord and to the *church.* His relatives figured that only Providence could have brought two men together from the same part of Texas to a small Missouri town for such an important occasion. He and I are now going to be friends in these parts.

After our Sunday a.m. meeting, where I sat with simple trusting Christians around the Lord's table and then exhorted them to look to the day when the New Jerusalem will come down out of heaven from God, I walked a few hundred yards over to the Baptist Church and met those people as they filed out of their building. I was not trying to be burlesque, and probably would not have done so except that I was having dinner in a home next door to the Baptists, and it didn't seem appropriate to pass them by when I was almost within their shadow. I figured I had some brothers and sisters over there too. They thought it unusual that a visiting preacher at the Christian Church would bother to come over and meet them, but they seemed to appreciate it, and the Baptist preacher and I had a pleasant, constructive visit. As I walked toward the Christian Church that evening, I heard someone yelling *Leroy!*, *Leroy!* It was the Baptist preacher on the way to his meeting. We had a few more minutes together, and he confided that he would like to bring his folk over to the

Christian Church to hear me, but it could not be arranged all that easily. For a few moments that Lord's day he and I, and a few others, reached across the dividing wall and found each other's hand and heart.

One afternoon I went with Alvin to the hospital in Maryville. While he called upon some of his people, I worked "cold turkey." In one room I sat a few minutes with parents comforting their burned baby; in another with an old sister with a broken pelvis; in another with a man afflicted with I don't know what besides being lonely. When it seemed appropriate I prayed with these people and gave a word of encouragement from the scriptures. As I was leaving one room, a lady in the other bed that I presumed to be asleep, called to me, "Father, Father!" Her priest had not yet come to be with her, and she was frightened. Serious surgery awaited her and already she was under some sedation. She kept calling me Father as I held both her hands in mine, reassuring her. She spoke in a foreign accent, perhaps Czech. She was unusually beautiful, like Ouida, and about the same age, and she kept smiling. I asked her if she would like for me to pray for her. "Yes, Father, please!" So I prayed to *the* Father for his frightened and lonely child. When I took my last look, she was still smiling, and I think less fearful. I hope she made it!

The most rewarding experience of all, I think, were three morning sessions at a Maryville restaurant in which folk from all three of our major wings were present in an effort to better understand what has happened to us and what we might do about it. A fine spirit prevailed, with no untoward incident. I was especially pleased to have been joined in one session by Teng Champey, minister of the Broadway Christian Church (Disciples) in Wichita, Kansas, who was also in the area for special services. He is a well informed, irenic person who would like to see our people recover their sense of mission as peacemakers among the churches. I think the Christian Church fellows were surprised to see a leading Disciple with such a zeal for the Bible, evangelism, and unity. He and I were glad to have discovered each other, and we are hopeful of further contacts.

I find that it is of great value for our people simply to get together and to become better acquainted. We always discover that we have much more in common that we supposed. So long as "they" are *there* and "we" are *here* it is difficult for brotherhood to have a chance. The Spirit can do more with us and for us when we come within *loving* range—not *firing* range. —*the Editor*

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OFFICE NOTES

We do not often recommend personal testimonials to our readers, but we are making an exception with *Joni.* That it has sold two million copies is to say enough for it. Joni at 17 met with an accident that left her paralyzed from the neck down. Her struggle against quadriplegia and depression is an unforgettable story. We all have a problem sometime in learning to trust a loving God. Joni learned that lesson the hard way. This is one for all members of the family. Only 2.25 postpaid.

Marvin Ford's *On the Other Side* will really blow your mind, for he tells of his experience while "clinically dead." He claims to have traveled to the other side and observed the world beyond. Published by Logos International, this is no nut book, and it raises questions that the Christian must come to terms with. Was he hallucinating, *while clinically dead?* You decide. 2.25 postpaid.

We are pleased that our readers continue to buy the *Millennial Harbinger,* the 2-volume summary of Alexander Campbell's great journal. It contains some of the best stuff ever written on Christian thought, the best of 40 years of editing, according to his colleague, C. L. Loos, who made the selections. We can get you the 41-volume, unabridged set for 298.00 (regularly 350.00), but if you want only a thousand pages or so of Campbell at his best, we suggest the abridged at only 14.95.

Here are some excellent paperbacks, rich in information, and at the right price for your inflation-conscious budget: *Jesus and Christian Origins Outside the New Testament,* by F. F. Bruce at 3.75; *A Second Touch,* by Keith Miller for 2.10; and two books by that gifted writer, A.M. Hunter of Aberdeen, Scotland: *Interpreting the Parables* (3.75) and *Gleanings from the New Testament* (5.25), and both are terrific books. Prices include postage.

One of the most satisfying books we've ever recommended in this column is Dr. James Dobson's (a pediatrician) *Dare to Discipline,* which is a forthright, no-nonsense book on how to deal with children, whether as parent or teacher or friend. He has a chapter just for Mom and one on teaching morality, but my favorite is the one on "the miracle tools" of discipline where he lays out five workable rules to follow, all rooted in psychological research. If you are now a grandmother, *now* is the time to read it, and then pass it along to you know who! A half million copies have sold, which is really something for a book of this kind. Only 3.25, and you should enclose a tip for my telling you about this one.

Did you know that there have been exactly 100 archbishops of Canterbury? Probably not, but it is interesting that the 100th one, Michael Ramsey, who is also a scholar, has published a book entitled simply *Holy Spirit.* He seems to think that the greatest verse on

the Spirit is Rom. 5:5 where it says that God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Spirit, which he relates to the cross. This little volume will surprise you for its relevance, even if written by an archbishop! 2.75 postpaid.

Secrets of Eden by Jim Reynolds deserves a wide circulation, for it treats sex with both reverence and celebration, and it is especially helpful to those who are embarrassed by their sexuality. Its thirteen chapters with study questions make it ideal for some group study. Try it with a class of teenagers or young marrieds. 2.75 postpaid.

Delivery on our 1977 bound volume is not likely before early summer, but you should reserve your copy if you have not done so. We have only 120 copies left of our last bound volume, *The Word Abused,* for 1975-76. The volume for 1973-74 is now out of print, and we have only fifty copies of *The Restoration Mind,* 1971-72. The available ones are 5.95 and 4.50.

May 6-7 I will be in Jasper, Texas. Contact Bill Parker, Rt. 5, Box 5, for details. May 21 I am to be in Pittsburg, Pa. in a meeting with ministers and others from all three groups of our heritage. Contact Dan Griggs at Brightwood Christian Church, or call 412-835-6703. Then I fly on for a similar meeting of our people in Toronto, May 23-26. Contact O. H. Tallman, 4251 N. Ridge Rd., Lockport, NY 14094, or call 716-434-3318.

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READERS' EXCHANGE

I hope some periodical will publish a notice of Daniel Sommer's *Commentary on the New Testament.* It is very difficult here alone without Allen, but he never had a comfortable day after the operation more than a year before he left us. He referred to and appreciated your visit. I know he is happy now and I shall join him. He said many times, "Where I am going all things will be new and more beautiful and glorious than finite mind can conceive of." — *Mrs. Allen R. Sommer, Indianapolis*

(A limited number of the 831-page commentary by Daniel Sommer is available through this office at 18.95. *-Ed.)*

We are experiencing a very different life-style in Brazil and thoroughly enjoying the discovery of a new culture. It is a very beautiful and dynamic country, but a short time here will make anyone appreciate the blessings and rights which exist in the U.S. The

evidence of the basic Christian principles, or lack of them, explains much of the difference which exists among countries and cultures. —*Bill Adrian, Porto Alegre, Brazil*

I am still meeting with ministers of the Christian Church. We had 20 present at our last meeting. We had one brother from the Disciples. Two who are from New Zealand will be attending Johnson Bible College. The young brethren from New Zealand have the "many speakers" concept, and they say that some may not get to speak more than two or three times a year due to so many who are ready and willing. —*Darrell Bolin, 134 Susquahenna, Lock Haven, PA*

I wonder how many times brethren have said, "Let's discuss … " when they really mean, "Let me prove to you that my opinion is fact!" Think of all the time we've spent haranguing over one-cup, instrumental music, Sunday School, institutions, and other opinionated issues that boil down to 'tis-and-'tain't arguments of what is a necessary inference to one but not to another. It dismays me to think of the lost souls who might have been led to Christ if the same time had been invested in them instead of infighting among factions within the Church of Christ. —*Don Trubey, Portales, N M*

My non-sectarian attitude has been a problem in the church here for several years. I volunteered to step down from teaching and from any public use, and have followed that line of submission for three years. We have made no effort to "convert" people to the ideas that have led us away from our traditions. As requests were made I have shared the good news, and I am grateful for the openness that this has given me. Fellowship in terms of association has been withdrawn for sometime, but the elders and minister now feel that the church must act to preserve the purity of the church. They cannot tolerate the fellowshipping of error! —*Jim Lovett, Mangum, OK*

(This brother, longtime respected mortician in his city, was recently publicly withdrawn from by his congregation. The charge was that he. was fellowshipping error in visiting with the nearby Christian Church. The converse of this is, therefore, that one "fellowships" only truth when he goes to a Church of Christ. Don't count me in on that attitude. for I well know that if I do not share life in Christ with "brothers in error." I will have no one to share it with. for they are *all* "brothers in error." And so, by the way they cut it in Mangum, and a few other places, we all ought to withdraw from everybody else, and then from ourselves! —*Ed.*)

It is commendable and wonderful that each issue of *Restoration Review* can be so insightful. stimulating and just plain good reading. When one reads about the aims, attitude, and intentions of the early restorers such as the Campbells and Stone, and compares their progress with the factious, divided situation today, it is something for Ripley's "Believe It or Not." Recently I sent a field report to _____ merely telling of

some baptisms and deaths in our congregation, but because of my association with _____ the publishers refused to print it. I won't ask you if you can believe that because I know you can. —*Jim Albert, Corcoran, CA*

I cannot for the life of me understand how some of our brethren can consider you or brother Ketcherside a threat to the cause of Christ, but I know that some of them do. I have several times found myself defending you against their prejudices. I want to remind you of something you already know: (1) We are products of all the influences that we have allowed to come into our lives; (2) There is no influence so great but what God's power can overcome it; (3) God will not force His power upon us, so we must surrender to it; (4) It is *self* that keeps us from surrendering, Lk. 9:23; (5) Love is the only power that can cause one to deny *self*. —*Al Bradshaw, 3618 S. Pittsburg, Tulsa*

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